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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication will have received articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

The Newspaper Rider.

The Hartford *Courant* remarks of the process by which the so-called newspaper publicity law was enacted:

"The newspapers are a queer bunch. Their correspondents at Washington, of whom they are all so proud, must have 'got on' to this post office message. Indeed, one or two of them gave a hint at it. But the time to deal with such an absurdity was before it was enacted. Indeed, it was not alone and drifted into law. Quick to deal with everybody else's business, the great journals let their own business go by default, and they are now getting it in the neck in consequence."

If this were so we don't see that it would diminish the importance of alert activity at the present time. The Portland *Oregonian* seems to understand better the genesis of the measure. The inquisitorial provisions were attached as a rider to the Post Office appropriation bill; and the responsibility for the invasion of constitutional rights and the Federal usurpation of power attempted by the rider is thus discussed by that journal:

"It is a fact that Senator BURNES is chairman of the Post Office Committee and was a member of the conference committee that in the recent Congress adjusted a dispute with the House over the Post Office appropriation bill, to which the obnoxious and impossible publicity provision was attached as a rider. It is a fact that the press of Oregon was almost a unit in opposition to Senator BURNES's reelection, and it is a fact that the publicity amendment was slipped through without discussion and without the knowledge of press or people. It is a fact too that it contains provisions relative to the labeling of advertisements that are similar to certain provisions of Oregon's remarkable corrupt practices act. But whether it is a fact that Senator BURNES was inspired by any venal motive of reprisal upon the newspapers the *Oregonian* does not know, and does not care. If it shall seem to Senator BURNES worth while to disclaim any such purpose we shall accept his statement at face value."

A method of dealing with the absurdity after its enactment has been discovered by both Senator McCUBBER and Representative DE FOREST. Each has introduced at his own end of the Capitol a bill repealing the enactment by rider. The method is simple.

Ambassador Reid on Thomas Jefferson.

What relevance the attack of Mr. A. MITCHELL PALMER of Pennsylvania in the House of Representatives last Thursday upon the American Ambassador to Great Britain had to the business of Congress does not appear from the report of the debate. An occasional day has been and perhaps properly may be set apart upon which inconfluent Congressmen may "cleanse the stuff of boom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." But it is too bad that they should be permitted to take up the very costly time of the House and of the country on days ostensibly devoted to legislative business with matters which have no conceivable relation to that business. Yet nobody called Mr. PALMER to order or rebuked him for his senseless waste of public time and public money. All that his Republican gossamer was to maintain that if WHITEFLEW REID was a defamer of JEFFERSON, WOODROW WILSON was another.

What weighed upon the heart of Mr. PALMER was an address on "One Welshman" which Mr. REID made October 21 before the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth. No subject could have been more properly chosen by an American Ambassador on such an occasion. It was as appropriate as the same speaker's choice of "The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot" for his address last year before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Like all the public addresses which Mr. REID has made in Great Britain, the speech at Aberystwyth was a competent, interesting and discriminating treatment of his subject. While he did not conceal his own preference for JEFFERSON's antagonist as a political theorist and a political practitioner, and in effect avowed himself a Hamiltonian rather than a Jeffersonian, he gave cordial praise to those great achievements of his subject by which JEFFERSON has deserved so well of his countrymen. In fact, the very purpose of the address was eulogy. It was composed to commemorate a memorable Welshman who seems to be insufficiently remembered in his ancestral country.

This purpose the address accomplished in a manner which could give no just offence to any man, and has not given offence to any man of sense. There are shadows as well as lights in the picture. There had to be to make it a portrait. The address had to be either critical or worthless. The view

of JEFFERSON presented in it is in effect adopted by disinterested modern historians, which is to say by those who know most about JEFFERSON. There is no position taken in the address which is not fortified by good historical evidence; and the result of Mr. REID's investigations is thus valuable as well as interesting. It is highly absurd for Mr. PALMER to imagine that it can be discredited by his declaration that it "misrepresented before a foreign audience one of the greatest men who ever lived upon American soil."

Considering that the Democratic party is at present on trial as to its capacity to manage the affairs of this country, and considering the gloomy prognostications that subject to which Mr. PALMER's silly speech is calculated to give rise, it is well that he should be admonished in the Democratic caucus, or at least have his bumps felt in the privacy of a committee room.

The Philippines.

President TAFT is better informed about American rule in the Philippines and conditions in the islands than any other public man in either party, and the advice he gives the Democrats in his latest message comes from the heart as well as the head. They will soon be in control of the Government, and in dealing with the problem deeds must take the place of words.

The Republicans in their platform treated the Philippine question as a non-partisan one, declaring that "our duty toward the Filipino is a national obligation." The Democrats pronounced in favor of "an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable Government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers." In a bill introduced at the last session of Congress it was provided that the islands should be made virtually autonomous now and that absolute independence should come in eight years.

Mr. TAFT sounds the warning that our work in the Philippines is "far from done" and our duty to the Filipinos "is far from discharged." More than a million children are yet to be "reached" by the schoolmaster; under liberal franchise privileges but 3 per cent. of the people vote and only 5 per cent. read the newspapers. There is a vast deal of road building, general public improvement, irrigation and sanitation yet to be planned. "A present declaration even of future independence would retard progress by the dissemination and disorder it would arouse," says Mr. TAFT, who intimates that independence in eight years would mean the reactionary rule of an oligarchy.

Hysteria, Suffrage and the Saloon.

Recently a sensational report of the rescue of girls alleged to have been held in bondage in Chinatown appears to have enlisted the sympathy without overtaxing the credulity of some excellent women who are striving earnestly to better the unfortunate condition of the downtrodden of their sex. In a rambling harangue a woman who says she has herself been a victim and has risked her life a hundred times to accomplish the release of 250 girls who had been held in abject and immoral servitude in Chinatown appealed to an assemblage of good women with a harrowing recital of the iniquities of the vice men of Chinatown. "I don't want your sympathy," said she, "I am not in the work for glory. The only place I'll get any glory is when I go home. I rescued thirty-seven children from Chinatown this year. Mayor GAYNOR would give me no protection. I hope they won't kill me before you women get the vote." A kind hearted banker who is said to be backing the woman is reported to have stated "the best friends she has are Mr. WHITMAN and Mr. MOSS. I am sorry to say her worst enemy is our Mayor." How fortunate for the latter that he is a disciple of EPICUREUS and a philosopher, for he is lambasted on all sides.

Is it not regrettable that the fine women who are worthily engaged in the endeavor to lift their fallen sisters out of the mire of viciousness and crime do not expend their own energies and the good banker's money in obtaining evidence to convict these immoral and cruel wretches? Surely among the 250 cases running over a period of six years there should be some difficulty in doing this. If Mr. WHITMAN and Mr. MOSS, who have proved themselves courageous and successful prosecutors of the worst type of criminals, are friendly to this terribly persecuted woman claiming to have had her jaws and ribs broken in her gallant rescue, no opposition from the Mayor, her reputed enemy, would avail to protect the wretches accused by her. This is obvious enough. It would surely be far more practical and wise and more fruitful of results to put these rescuers into Mr. WHITMAN's power than to disseminate the incredible stories of immoral bondage which are circulated for the purpose of exciting sympathy and by this means bring adherents to the cause of suffrage the cause will surely be damaged as it has been in England by hysterical ebullitions. The only advantage may be to convert a few persons whose reason is under domination of their emotions. The banker assured the audience that "this problem can never be solved except by women, who must have the ballot to enable them to abolish the low saloons."

And the banker's philanthropic and highly esteemed wife stated that "the 600,000 women sacrificed annually may be saved only by woman suffrage in this way." If the saloons could be abolished by enfranchising women, the suffrage movement would receive the support of millions who are now opposed or indifferent. Unfortunately the record is against this assumption. In New Zealand, where women have had the franchise more than sixteen years, according to Mr. KENNEDY in the *Outlook* of March 21, 1910, the women have failed to abolish the saloon, though they worked faithfully for the Christian Temperance Union.

In California the saloons won the fight against prohibition; though potent in every other branch of politics there were 31,000 votes cast for and 82,000 against prohibition.

The American suffragists have thus far presented so striking and happy a contrast to their British sisters in sanity, tact, resourcefulness and freedom from hysteria, except in the sporadic form, that it would be unfortunate if they permitted themselves to be thrown into maudlin sympathy by the incidents related above, instead of utilizing them for the prosecution of the wretches. Prosecution and conviction would be an achievement appealing to reason and therefore more convincing than the most heated polemics.

The Admirable Hopkinson on "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The universal Mr. HOPKINSON or "Hop" SMITH, who can make anything from a lighthouse to a lampoon and do it well, has been making charges at Camden in the *Jersey*. He is reported in a summary as saying that "in his opinion 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' has done more harm to the world than any other book ever written." Perhaps Mr. SMITH has said something of the sort before, but he will hardly do so—and it is no bad thing to do—than beckon new readers to "the immortal work" of "Rev. BECKER-STOVE," as our French friends used to call her.

To put it in the most frivolous form, what but good should be said of a book that has given to romantic youth for sixty years the thrill of ice to be crossed and bloodhounds to be baffled? If the bloodhound be but a tame villatic beast, as many Southerners assert, the greater the power of Mrs. STOWE's genius in unleashing him, majestic and terrible, in who knows how many languages.

Mr. SMITH declared, says a Camden despatch, that:

"The book gave the reader the wrong impression as to the condition of the negro before the civil war, and further said that much of the bitter feeling in the South that remained after the war was due to this book."

Could any one general picture of slavery in the South be true for all localities? No doubt Mrs. STOWE in spite of her eighteen years of observation made mistakes; no doubt she may have been misled by her anti-slavery impressions; but probably chapter and verse could be found in old newspaper advertisements and handbills and records for almost any statement of the kindness or the brutality of the "institution," and Mrs. STOWE's good feeling in the book for the Southern people is evident. As has been said too often, the South furnishes the heroes and heroines, the North the villains. If we are not mistaken "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is less didactic and political, so to speak, than its successor "Dred." That "much" or any of the "bitter feeling in the South" that remained after the war was due to the "Cabin" strikes us as one of the most ingenious vindications of reconstruction that even a brilliant improviser like Mr. HOPKINSON SMITH could devise.

Whatever blemishes of art or taste or time may be found in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the judgment of mankind has been taken on it.

Reductions of the Cost of Living.

Only a sign or two, but welcome, of a reduction of the cost of living. The owner of Ringlow Top Tip, the prize long haired tomcat in the show of the Cat Fanciers Club, has refused to sell that pampered Persian for \$2,000. True, this sum is said to be the largest ever offered for a cat, but the much more famous cat of DICK WHITTINGTON, "sun of mar-haundy" and thrice Lord Mayor of London, must have brought a good many times as much. For we read that this animal, sent to the Levant by DICK on a ship of his master, made the owner's fortune. Even if we set a fourteenth century fortune at so small a sum as \$2,000, that would be equivalent in the twentieth century to at least \$20,000.

The price of cats has gone down. Other cheering news, some \$41,000 of precious stones have been or will be imported into the United States this year, which will have the second best record. This in spite of a curious movement reported from Boston to give up the use of precious stones for engagement rings.

Let us be cheerful. Cats de luxe have gone down since 1300 odd.

London and the Peace Negotiations.

The subtlety of Oriental diplomacy was never better displayed than in the selection by the Turks of London as the place in which to settle the Balkan war. On the surface London seems strangely unsuited for Turkish interests. It is remote, British public sentiment is plainly against Turkey, and Britain's Russian friend is the open champion of the conquerors of Turkey. Yet despite the fact that Berlin and Vienna are the only friendly capitals in Europe the Turk has chosen London.

The reason is less obscure when it is recalled that if England is in Europe a Christian nation and her people sympathize with the Turk's foes, in Asia and Africa the British Empire holds millions of Mohammedans, and in India alone the prayers of 70,000,000 Mohammedans are daily made for Turkish victory and on behalf of the Sultan, who is not merely a European sovereign but the supreme representative on earth of

that ALIAH who commands the worship of the faithful. In Egypt too the sentiments of the population need no description.

In selecting London, then, and positively explaining that the choice grew out of a desire to take advantage of the advice of Sir EDWARD GREY, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Turkish diplomats deliberately undertook to neutralize the influence of British public sentiment which favored the Balkan States by raising imperial issues which must concern the responsible Ministers of the greatest Mohammedan country in the world.

When you have retired to the shade of private life and are forgotten I will be known from one end of the country to the other—BLEASE of South Carolina to his fellow Colonians.

The Hon. COLMAN LIVINGSTON BLEASE will not have to wait so long as that. Even now he is known from one end of the country to the other.

In the province of Bagdad there are not more than thirty pianos. *Daily Consular and Trade Reports.*
On to Bagdad!

Mayor GAYNOR's plain talk about the police will not please those who rail at the force without giving it credit for efficiency in many things. The Mayor maintains that if there is "an absolutely honest man" who must also be intelligent, at the head of it, and if the sources of graft are sealed up, excise and gambling chief of them, the city will be well policed and life and property will be reasonably safe. As for evils and nuisances inseparable from social intercourse in large cities, he holds that the rule of common sense and the lessons of experience must apply; as these evils and nuisances cannot be entirely suppressed they must be kept under observation and regulated. There is no more excise graft on a large scale and gambling is under control. The Mayor finds a good deal to praise in the conduct of the force, governed by this policy, but he is not blind to its shortcomings.

On one thing the Mayor is determined: he will keep Commissioner WALDO, because, as everybody knows, he is both honest and intelligent. It might be added that he never seizes himself in his work at headquarters.

Unfriendly critics of college authorities who permit students on football teams to skip the hours they devote to merely educational activities should find satisfaction in reading the following order recently issued by a French General:

"The General requests the heads of corps to permit the players to have as much time as possible to practise. Football is a first class game, and the most excellent in those who play it the qualities most useful in war."

Plainly HARGREAVES of Harvard may aspire to succeed VON MOLKE at the European Armageddon.

Judged by the indemnity claims even the Balkan war clouds have silver linings.

If Christmas trees are to be sprayed against the chance that they have kypsy moths it is only a step to fumigating Old Saint NICOLAS himself.

Now that a British court has awarded \$875 damages to a woman who was beaten and bruised by the wings of an aeroplane whose flight she was watching it is clear that the supremacy of the aeroplane as an engine of destruction will be short.

THE SCALLOP SOAKERS.

Words of Just Severity for the Corrupters of a Noble Food.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The man who soaks scallops and then offers them for sale should be imprisoned. His name is legion, for the practice is universal. The dayman who has his little inkling of a scallop, but who appears as an angel of light when compared with the man who soaks scallops, for it is not so much in buying, say, a quart of the latter that you must pay for a pint of water as it is in doing things in the same way. Scallop fast becoming less plentiful, are utterly and irretrievably ruined.

No device of the chef can bring back to soaked scallops a vestige of their original savor. At the present time to have them at their best you must get them in the shell and open them yourself or hold a club over the man who does it for you. Surely this is a difficult procedure for the consumer.

As the era of the great moral uplift the intention of the reformer should be called to the matter now. F. POWERS.
WESTPORT, Conn., December 7.

The Puzzled Dreamer and His Latin.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Permit me to relate a case of subconscious mental activity that is so extraordinary that I can hardly expect to be believed.

Night before last I dreamed that I was in conference with my counsel (W. P. D.) concerning an injury which I had received at the hands of some unknown person. To my pleadings for retribution he did nothing but answer "Sum cuque." In my impatience I exclaimed "I do not know what that means, as I do not know Latin, but it is a very quick way of saying 'I am going to get you'." He laughed at the joke, and the rest was obscure.

All day long I was obsessed with this dream, for I do not understand Latin. I have had nothing to do with it since I was out of my dream, but I am sure that I would find it in my dictionary. I asked a classical friend for an interpretation and was told that it sounded like Latin, but my friend did not know. He said, "I finally got to a dictionary and found that it is good Latin and means 'every one for himself.'"

Let us be cheerful. Cats de luxe have gone down since 1300 odd.

Chocolate Coats.

Coats of chocolate hue are to be fashionable. Fashionable.

When you see those coats of chocolate hue there'll be no cause to deride 'em. If they have, to keep the image true, The crime de la crime is done! E. H.

CONGRESSIONAL CENSORSHIP.

A Vision of Possibilities Under the System of Exclusion From the Mails.

At great expense and with peril not unlike those of a war correspondent a telepathic reporter gained admission to the Congressional cloak rooms. His purpose was to set up his vocal wireless in order that he might receive astral messages on the new newspaper law. He put this question mentally to various leaders:

"Should Congress deny second class privileges to a newspaper unless it editorially supported the views of a majority of Congress?"

After a while the telepathic wires caught these replies: "I should certainly favor stopping the freedom of the press," said Uncle Joe Cannon, "if it continued its remarks as to my use of low grade tobacco. I would consent to smoke in the presence of the Federal Censor and let him smell for himself. Newspaper editors are entirely too free in passing judgments without actual experience of the subjects which they condemn. Yes, I would cut them out from the mails."

Senator La Follette remarked after the vocal wireless had been tuned to carry its liveliest since the newspapers reported what I said about them in my Marathon oration at the banquet I have awaited my opportunity to vote for a censorship more rigid than that of Russia. Indeed, I may say that the one subject upon which Colonel Roosevelt and myself have always been in perfect harmony has been in regard to a proper muzzling of the refractory section of the opposition press. I believe that he would not only favor a law taking away their use of the mails but also connected with the editorial staff. I would not go quite that far. My punishment would be merely to insist that they come and hear for themselves what I had to say about them."

Waco Henry, the Texas plain clothes man in pursuit of the Money Trust, and Detective Lindbergh, sometimes called the Minnesota Dark Lantern, likewise on the vampire's trail, spoke in unison to the telepathic reporter:

"I unquestionably shall vote to exclude from the mails the writings of an editor who may refuse to state under oath that he believes in the existence of a Financial Mafia, that its emissaries resort to the tactics of the Black Hand, and that they have sworn to prevent us from remaining in the limelight beyond the first of the year. If it came to a pinch, and Dollar Bill requested it, it might be wise to limit the second class privileges exclusively to the *Commoner*."

Victor L. Berger got into communication with the vocal wireless just as he finished his volubility: "All so-called Progressive newspapers," said he, "should be forced to substitute 'semi-socialist' for the word 'progressive.' If any editor refused and continued to use the word 'progressive' I should turn him and his outfit over to the Federal Censor. Also I should insist that Wall Street writers be forced to predict the panic of 1913 as a result of the Democratic victory."

Most that the telepathic reporter could get from Senator Bristow of Kansas was that the Post Office Department should send free samples of William Allen White as models for legitimate editorial writing. Then if the refractory editors hesitated about falling into line, why of course it was constitutional to suppress them.

"This Mr. Beck has a curious notion about what is and what is not in keeping with the Constitution. He even quotes the Constitution. He is a real Daniel Webster. One might as well refer to the framers themselves. What Daniel Webster said about making a deputy postmaster a judge is poppycock. What of it? Suppose he is? That doesn't prevent him from being able to tell a good and legal editorial article when he sees it. If a postmaster is not competent to pass quick judgments on newspaper sentiments the sooner we find it out the better. Arguments to the contrary are pure rambling. Let William Allen White remain as model for all time."

Congress and the "Congressional Record."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Is the *Congressional Record* a newspaper? If it is will it too be excluded from the mails if our legislators record any of their doings that may be "hurtful to the public welfare, or the interests of the country, or the honor of the city, or the peace of the State, or the safety of the Nation, or the good of the world?" The Prince of Senatorial Perfection from Texas committed upon the Grand Young Man of Indiana when with a wicked hand he forced words down that pearly throat, words that are forever lost to the uplift of the world?

JAMES D. DEWELL, JR.
NEW HAVEN, December 7.

States Island's Dock Possibilities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: O for an hour of old Bill Tweed, with all his corruption, to evolve a plan for docks and piers in the port of New York!

In 1870 he discovered the docks of New York a mass of ramshackle structures worthy of a Chinese port. He immediately set about evolving a "new plan," which the city has been working on for the last forty-two years and which is not yet finished. Of course he had competent engineers. There is the magnificent commercial boulevard along West Street, 250 feet wide, largely constructed, but his elevated structure, which is paid for by the city, is being thought out.

In connection with the development of the port of New York, why is Staten Island always ignored? We have two places on Staten Island where docks could be constructed that would put to shame either London, Liverpool, Hamburg, Havre or any other port. I refer to the cove at Clifton stretching from Fort Wadsworth to St. George. There is the South Beach shore, where you can go out half a mile if necessary and inland the same distance. Then you can connect with the continent in two ways, either by the Arthur Kill bridge at Elizabethport or by the "country" railroad and cross at Perth Amboy.

CIVIL ENGINEER.
POST RICHMOND, December 7.

The Firehouse With a Clock.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In 1831 street between Amsterdam and Audubon avenues the city is building a new fire house; an improvement needed in this location. There is a fire station at the front of the building there is set a public clock—a new and excellent feature in fire houses. If the clock is kept in order, as no doubt it will be in an organization so alert as the New York Fire Department.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.
NEW YORK, December 7.

The Tale of the Christmas Crime.

Came a graybeard with a tale That would make the stoutest pale, And the Ancient Mariner Naught so dreadful could aver.

For he slew the reindeer team, Slew them in the starlight gleam, Nevermore upon the roofs Pranced their joyful magic hoofs.

Then disaster from the deed Followed with avenging speed, From his little child there fled Faith and hope, and beauty sped.

Stark and stiff the reindeer lay, No more could they be that day: Who destroys them suffers loss, Better shoot the albatross.

McLADDENBURGH WILSON.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

His Various Good Fortune, Including an Unchanged Belief in Hell.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Isn't it about time that the country minister was given a rest? He has been exploited by the magazines and newspapers in commiseration of his miserable salary, his large family, his general feebleness and ineffectual struggles. Your correspondent in a letter in *The Sun* of December 4 "doth protest too much," so that one knows not whether to take him seriously or not. But your editorial article does, so I may venture to do so.

As a matter of fact the country parsons, taken them by and large, are far happier in all their circumstances than the city ministers, with more comforts, less burdens and problems, and the feeling of much greater usefulness in the service rendered to parish and community.

The country parson's influence is far wider and more real. The "average" city parish is a dreary thing; desperately struggling to make ends meet, always in comparison with his needs. On the other hand the average country parish is a comfort and an inspiration to its minister, for he and his people are knit together in the common work and welfare. He receives many pleasures and gifts from them, impossible in the city. He can have a garden and a poultry yard and "keep a bee." His pleasures are simple, natural and kindly, and his salary is above the average income of his parishioners.

I have yet to hear of any minister who receives such a "minimum wage" as \$450. A comfortable parsonage is provided and from \$600 to \$1,200 is the common stipend. When the lesser sum is given it is often supplemented from missionary funds to bring it up to \$900 or \$1,000. As concerning the loss of "hell," in my humble opinion your writer is quite as far astray.

By no means has he had a country minister given up that precious doctrine. It was my good fortune to hear a very able sermon preached shortly after the loss of the Titanic, to which the preacher alluded in this delightful manner: "Probably the majority of those who went down were forever lost." If that doesn't mean "hell," what does it mean?

No, the chief stock in sermons of many otherwise good men is still the mighty power of "hell" and the other thing. Furthermore, it is still a popular doctrine, one may safely affirm, when he hears the exclamation, "Oh hell!" so frequently on the lips of men and women; yes, in inspiring accents of the children of the country, there has been a growth of intelligence about hell, and that more and more ministry and laity are coming to understand that the gates of hell and also of heaven open from within.

KATON, Conn., December 6.

It's the Country Minister Who Keeps the City Churches Going.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Will you give space to one who is a country minister and who has first hand knowledge of the faith, belief, work and life, also the hopes, aspirations and ideals, of the country minister? Of course we understand that "Simon Creel" is not to be taken seriously, but there are always some thoughtful readers who, unfamiliar with the nice shades of irony, take such as the truth and solemnly themselves according to the formation of opinions. For all such it is hoped this letter may be printed.

The country minister does not feel that the foundations of his faith are shifting beneath his feet, quite the contrary is true. He feels and believes that it is just as firm and substantial as ever. He believes that his feet grip the solid foundation of the Gospel and that Jesus Christ Himself is the chief cornerstone upon which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Brother Creel thinks the time is ripe for a forward movement of the country ministers. Why, bless you dear old heart, Simon, where you have the fact or that we are any more likely to become subjects of martyrdom than our city brethren. With apologies to Lowell, we would say: They also have their crowns of thorns. They also have the world's sins and sorrows, and their lives are not denied. The wounds in the hands, the feet and side.

A word about hell, for this is what "Simon Creel" made the mistake in thinking was the foundation of the country minister's faith. All that he has to do is to inform us what great leaders of the Christian faith, live ones, not dead ones, what learned conference of Christian workers and what Christian institution have robbed, are about to rob or intend to rob the country minister of his "hell," and thereby have kicked, are about to kick or intend to kick the foundation of his faith from beneath his feet. Just name a few, brother.

OTIS, December 5.

Settled by the Manhattan Philosopher.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Again I ask, why do we write the plural of tenderfoot, meaning a green stranger in the rugged, sequestered West, tenderfoot?

I will contend that the plural of tenderfoot should be tenderfoots.

NEW YORK, December 7.

Certificates of the Success of an Official Visit.

From Matium in Parro, Valencia, Venezuela. The Hon. Secretary of the Interior received with unbounded enthusiasm and honor, and his worthy and clever department staff lustre upon the country he represented.

Forenight.

Knicker—Are you going to give Tommy an unbreakable toy?
Knicker—No, he would break other things with it.

A Little Too Much.

Knicker—What is the matter with Smith?
Knicker—Overwork. He settled Union Pacific's dissolution and Wilson's Cabinet the same morning.

A Capillary Caution.

"O rose! I wish that in thy stead I did shed that lady's head."
"To youth! I think you'd better heed."
For you would find she has false hair!

L. T. H.

MUSEUM GETS CARLOAD OF DINOSAURS' BONES